

that ever graced a female foot, a dozen of each color and design known in those days. But as the mayor stepped forward to show the royal ladies samples of the goods spread out, he was met by the marshal, a proud Spaniard, upon the exhibition, shouting "Away with this indecent trash; do you not know, you fool, that the royal princesses of Spain have no legs?"

"Well, I declare," cried Princess Adelheid of Isenburg, "the marshal evidently did not know how hard silk stockings are to procure—by some of us."

She spoke with emphasis, not unmixed with disgust and regrets, at so many silk stockings going to waste. Princess Adelheid's father, now dead, is the gentleman who, several years ago, raised a loan of a million marks to secure an American heiress for his son Leopold. Leopold appeared at New York, Washington, Newport and in the great Western cities, attended by a cloud of courtiers, chamberlains and footmen, but the scheme wouldn't work. For once the title-hungry American girl balked at the spectacle of an uncommonly-stupid sprig of royalty, offering his name and rank in the open market place. Adelheid and her sisters and brothers are still paying the costs of this unsuccessful experiment, the money lenders holding a mortgage on the principality and allowing the family hardly enough to live on until it is wiped out. No wonder Adelheid sighs for those silk stockings the asinine Spaniard stamped into the dust, for the less use she has for them in Worshoffen the more she needs them in society and at the courts of Vienna and Munich, where this bright girl is ever a welcome guest.

**SOCIETY IN WORSHOFFEN.**  
Worshoffen, you must know, is the least "dressy," all-year-around watering place in the world. Except at the Tennis Club hop I did not see a costume that a well-to-do New York woman would wear on Broadway, or a Philadelphia on Chestnut street, that despite the fact that, aside from two uncrowned kings, we harbor something like twenty-three or twenty-five members of Imperial and royal families.

As the director of the "Kurhaus" tells me, none of the ladies and gentlemen brought more than one trunk.

"We advised them to leave their fine fogs at home," said the reverend gentleman, "pointing out that simplicity in dress and absence of care for the demands of vanity would enhance the charms of getting well. And this is not a mere conjecture," he continued, "One cannot dress up and follow the mode and be a dandy without wasting several hours daily-time that our patients ought to devote, and, in fact, need, for healthful exercise, sport and recreation."

In accordance with the above, the royal and princely gowns stopping here brought along only a few tailor-made gowns and skirts, shirtwaists and jackets, besides one solitary evening costume for festival occasions; while as to headdress "any old thing" seems to be in vogue—Bavarian peasants, chapeau, sailor hat, trimmed and untrimmed, Alpines and bicycle caps, etc.

I hate to destroy people's pet hobbies, but I must say "royalty undressed" is not what is called a treat for the eye; prettier and more stylish women than those in the royal colony here can be found in every American village. And "undressed" does not refer to the bare extremities; I mean royalty without stately robes and great jewels borrowed from the treasury, king's daughters attired like common, ordinary folk. Most of them look well enough in portraits especially faked up for the periodical press, but put a plain, tailor-made gown, or a shirtwaist and Etan jacket on their backs, and no man of taste will turn to look at them a second time. The little Princess of Bourbon, who made me take off her shoes and garters, is the only one of the lot who would be pronounced "really good-looking" by a jury of Americans.

**PRINCES BETTER FAVORED.**

Nature seems to be kinder to the sons of Kings than to their daughters. Don Carlos and his boys—he is said to have eight, but brought only two or three along—are strapping fine men, decidedly distinguished in appearance. The Count of Caserta, who calls himself King of Naples, is also good looking, though his face has rather a cruel aspect. No wonder the Madrid populace threatened to tear him to pieces when he went to the Spanish capital to see his oldest son married to the Princess of Asturias. They remembered the wholesale butcheries of non-combatants ordered by Caserta during the Carlist wars and read in his face what he is capable of.

Don Carlos, by the way, has to be very careful about his route when traveling through Germany. If ever he touches Prussian soil and is recognized he will be arrested and tried for the part he played in the execution of Dr. Schmidt, correspondent of the Cologne Gazette, whom he had summarily shot during one of the periodic invasions of his "kingdom." That happened in Bismarck's time, and the Iron Chancellor had Don Carlos indicted and convicted as a common murderer within two weeks afterwards. Of course, the trial was conducted in contumacious, but, the legal forms were strictly observed, the sentence stands. What an opportunity for advertising the Kaiser would have if the Spanish pretender, unknowingly, crossed the war-lord's frontier. It would cause as much talk as Prince Henry's visit, and perhaps more—if the sentence were carried out.

But the prospect of being made a head shorter by his brother of Prussia—provided the heather catches him—doesn't seem to bother Don Carlos. On the contrary, he looks hale and hearty, and spends the money his adherents furnish him with a right royal fashion—outside of Worshoffen, of course. Here he wears a hundred-francs pepper-and-salt suit and a shockingly bad hat, yet for all that he is by far the best-dressed man on exhibition in this little colony. His cousin, Archduke Leopold Salvator of Austria, on the other hand, is a decidedly tough-looking individual, and so eaten up with the "cure mania" that he wears sandals even at dinner in order to be, at all times, prepared to tread water.

**LANGTRY JOKE REVIVED.**

At his lodgings he is seldom seen without a water can in hand, and all his friends and relatives, male and female, also his servants, complain that he overworks the joke Mrs. Langtry once played upon the Prince of Wales by stuffing cracked ice between his collar and neck. His Imperial Highness, Leopold, thinks it no end of fun to frighten "the girls" (as he styles female royalty without distinction) out of their wits by suddenly turning the hose on them or pouring water down their backs.

But, despite his idiosyncracies, the arch-duck is one of the most popular princes in Worshoffen and leader of the numerous health exercises. He takes them, or has taken them all, in rotation: Abolutions, bath, wet sheets, showers, bandages, etc., and, says the Princess of Mecklenburg, "Stirke water like a whale and can out-walk on bare feet—any professional pedestrian."

During the first days after my arrival I saw him lead the procession of royal ladies in the newly fallen snow. It being dusty to-day he splashed the sidewalk with a hose, "for walking on wet stones is almost as good as the other exercise." Leopold hopes to celebrate Easter by treading the water of the mill pond.

While his Imperial Highness walked through the snow for more than an hour

and a half, the majority of the ladies stood idly by, scarcely three or four minutes, and indeed little Princess Elizabeth of Austria had to give it up at once, her toes becoming stiff with "snow fever." That means they got dry and hot, causing the poor child to cry with pain. I assisted in rubbing her feet with snow, whereupon the swelling gradually disappeared. Strange to say, there were no evil consequences; stranger still, neither of the older relatives of the royal girl or the younger either came to the child's rescue.

**HOW THE CURE WORKS.**

Instead they walked on solemnly, even without a word of encouragement. Only the Archduchess Bianca waved her lace petticoats in the direction where Elizabeth was being attended by strangers. This seeming indifference to others' sufferings is part of the cure; to get its full benefit "one must give his whole mind to it," he hypnotized.

"What do you expect to gain from this aside from a possible cold?" I asked Don Carlos.

The pretender gave me an astonished look. "Why," he said, "most diseases are caused by disordered circulation or because the blood is intermixed with corrupt and heterogeneous matter. The exercise in the wet is calculated to throw off all damaging matter by dissolving it and to strengthen the organs in general. I have taken this cure for a good many years regularly, so has the princess and the children, and all of us derived great benefit from it."

Of another session of royalty I inquired how he accounted for the fact that most of the royal ladies appear to suffer from rheumatism.

"What makes you think so?" he asked in return.

"The black meal rings on their toes—call them rheumatism rings in America."

The duke laughed outright. "What queer people you are," he cried, and, motioning the King of Naples to his side, he said: "You must hear this, Caserta; the Yaukees wear rings against rheumatism."

At this his Majesty was highly amused. When he recovered from his laughing fit I asked to explain.

"Why," he said, in matter-of-fact style, "our girls wear the rings as a protection against mad dogs. They come from Munich and are rubbed against the relics of St. Hubertus."

**GEORGE HERBERT.**

**IS YAWNING CONTAGIOUS?**

**Interesting Illustrations Among Men and Animals.**

In the Sunday Journal of March 30 appeared an entertaining article under the above caption. The writer professes to be mystified by the plain fact that "gaping is catching" and wonders that no doctor has ever explained the causes of it.

But yawning is not the only physical function that appears to be contagious. The same is observed as to merriment and sadness. Let a jolly, light-hearted individual come among a gathering of pensive or morose persons and all soon become in-luenced with the spirit of cheerfulness. The same thing is observed in the matter of coughing, especially during damp, chilly weather. Many in a school or in a congregation of worshippers will have mastered the inclination to cough when some new arrival will start the annoying chorus afresh. Nausea manifesting itself in one member of a company will more or less disturb all, and even cause some whose stomachs had been perfectly normal to be affected like the afflicted one.

This contagiousness as to the physical functions is not peculiar to the human species, but is common among the lower animals. Tabby at one end of the rug yawns, and her example is almost immediately followed by Towser at the other. The writer has seen a gape passed all around the barnyard, affecting horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, the hired man pumping water and the girl on the milking stool taking part in the exercise. Of all farm animals the sheep is most susceptible to an epidemic of yawning, catching it even from the motions of inanimate objects. If you wish to have some pure, unadulterated fun get two shingles or clapboards and go to where a flock of sheep is grazing. Any time will do, but it is best to choose some warm afternoon when, on a good pasture, the sheep have filled their stomachs and are about ready for rumination. Climb upon the fence, being careful not to alarm the animals, place the two boards together, one in each hand, and begin opening and closing them slowly as if they were hinged at the ends. Presently the animals will begin to observe your strange actions, and soon begin to indulge in frequent and prolonged gaping. Little grass will be eaten so long as you continue the motions of the boards.

In the log-cabin days of our grandfathers, house room was scant, and often the young ladies had to use the family bedrooms for the parlor. Needless to say that the entire family assisted in entertaining the gentlemen guests of the young ladies on Sunday evenings.

Whenever the "company" showed a disposition to remain too long after bedtime, and seemed to require some kind of a hint to take their departure, the "old man" would adjust the fire and then sit down in the chimney corner and in an apparently absent-minded mood begin to play with the fire tongs, opening and closing them slowly, the while watching the young people out of the tail of his eye. Anon one of the young fellows would begin to yawn, and then another, until the entire social circle became engaged in the game of gaping. Hearty laughter, followed by the desired leave-taking, soon followed the clever old farmer's ruse.

The cause of this sort of contagiousness is not so mysterious. The nerves of man and animals are very similar and respond alike to the same stimuli. Circumstances of time, temperature and other conditions that impel one individual to yawn, cough or manifest any symptom of nerve disturbance operate to a greater or lesser degree upon all others who may be in his company at the time. Their proneness to respond to his initiative may be likened to the responses of a sonorous body to its own keynote. Indeed, some occult fact of this nature forms the basis of Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

**J. M. WELDING.**



**FEARFUL.**

Dr. Phil Graves—People never after taking this medicine. Patient—Gee whiz, Doc, is it that fatal?

## THE MODERN FABLE OF THE BATCH OF LETTERS, OR ONE DAY WITH A BUSY MAN

Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

One Morning an energetic little man who had about a Ton of Work piled up on his Desk came down Town with a Hop, Skip and Jump, determined to clean up the whole Lay-Out before Nightfall.

He had taken eight hours of Slumber and a cold Souze in the Porcelain. After Breakfast he came out into the Spring Sunshine feeling as fit as a Fiddle and as snappy as a young Colt.

"Me to the Office to get that Stack of Letters off my Mind," said the Hopeful Citizen.

When he dashed into the Office he carried 20 pounds of Steam and was keen for the Attack.

All men with tan Whiskers arose from behind the roll-top Desk and greeted him with a "How are you feeling this Morning?" asked the Stranger.

"Swell and Sassy," was the Reply.

"And yet to-morrow you may join the Appellate Colony and day after to-morrow you may lie in the darkened Front Room with Floral Offerings on all sides," said the Stranger.

"What you want is one of our non-reversible, twenty-year, pneumatic Policies with the Reserve Fund Clause. Kindly glance at this Chart. Suppose you take the reactionless Endowment with the special Proviso permitting the accumulation of both Premium and Interest. On a \$10,000 Policy for 20 Years you make \$8,900 clear, whether you live or die, while the Company loses \$3,867.44, as you can see for yourself."

"This is my—," began the Man.

"Or you may prefer the automatic ton-tine Policy with ball-bearing," continued the Death Angel. "In this case the entire Residue goes into the Sinking Fund and draws Compound Interest. This is made possible under our new System of reducing Operating Expenses to a Minimum and putting the Executive Department into the Hands of well-known New York Financiers who do not seek Pecuniary Reward but are actuated by a Philanthropic Desire to do good to all Persons living west of the Alleghenies."

"That will be about all from you," said the Man. "Mosey! Duck! Up an Alley!"

"Then you don't care what becomes of your Family?" asked the Stranger, in a horrified Tone.

"My Relatives are collecting all of their Money in Advance," said the Man. "If they

are not worrying over the Future, I don't see why you should lose any Sleep."

So the Solicitor went out and told every one along the Street that the Man lacked Foresight.

At 5:20 o'clock the industrious little Man picked up letter Number 1 and said to the Blonde Stenographer, "Dear Sir."

At that moment the Head of the Credit Department hit him on the Back and said he had a Good One. It was all about little Frankie, the Only Child, the Phenom, the forty-pound Prodigy.

In every bank or Establishment there is a gurgling Parrot who comes down in the morning with a Story concerning the incipient Dewey out at their House. It seems that little Frankie has been told something at Sunday School and he asked his Mother about it and she told him so-and-so, whereupon the Infant Joker arose to the Emergency and said: and then you get it, and any one who doesn't laugh is lacking in a Finer Appreciation of Child Nature. The Busy Man listened to Frankie's Latest and asked, "What's the Rest of it?"

So the Parent remarked to several People that day that the Man was sinking into a crabbed Old Age.

At 10 a. m. the Man repeated "Dear Sir," and a voice came to him, remarking on the Beauty of the Weather. A Person who might have been Professor of Bee-Culture in the Pike County Agricultural Seminary, so far as make-up was concerned, took the Man by the Hand and informed him that he (the Man) was a Prominent Citizen and that being the case he would be given a reduction on the half-morocco Edition. While doing his 150 Words a Minute, he worked a Keller Trick and produced a Large Prospectus from under his coat. Be-

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surpassing attractions at the time, but as there happened to be some very good minstrels the Eleventh-street Opera House it was decided that the guests should be taken to hear them. The hosts being a little in awe of Boston standards, it was thought best to send word to the manager that, as "the Gardeners, of Boston," were to be among the audience that evening, it was hoped that everything in the performance would be arranged according to the strictest good taste. This request was complied with in a way that the attentive hosts had little intended.

Bones was on the alert, and every time Tambourine set out with, "Now, Sambo! you hear me, Jes' listen to a conundrum. When is Bones would break in with a portentous, "Hush! You keep quiet and behave like a cullud pussen ob taste! De Gardeners ob Boston am here!" So, too, when the triangle man started out with, "Jes' let me tell you, Cesar, what I've bin an' done an' done dat make me so tired dat I'm pretty high ready to fall in my tracks," Frank Moran, the bones, would put in with: "You miserable low-down nigger! Can't you keep quiet an' hear what I'm tellin' yeh? De Gardeners ob Boston is in town."

The incident created a sensation that was the talk of the town in bated breath for a couple of weeks thereafter.

**GERONIMO'S HAND OF APACHES.**

**Their Weird Doings When They Were First Placed in Captivity.**

New York Sun.

The request of the Apaches, the captive chief of the Apaches, to be released from Fort Sill, recalls the circumstances attending the arrival of his tribe at Fort Marion, St. Augustine, fourteen years ago. Geronimo was not allowed to leave with his people, because he had broken his word to the United States government and after surrendering had again gone on his war path. His squaw and papoose were with them, though, and the puny infant hanging on to his back did not look as though it would ever be a formidable enemy of our soldiers.

The squaws had the reputation of having tortured those of our men who were not killed outright by the Indians. Nana became chief in the absence of Geronimo and disproved all we have been taught by tradition to believe concerning the cruelty of the Indians to their women, for Nana submitted to be pulled by the hair until either he gave in or was rescued by an officer from his irate spouse. Nana and the rest of the men had to be coerced into wearing the garments of civilization.

They came into captivity blanket Indians and did not like the confinement of their limbs that the wearing of trousers necessitated. They objected to a sort of compromise by wearing the shirt picturesque hanging outside the trousers, sometimes wearing two shirts at a time of different lengths. They were treated very kindly at Fort Marion and were provided with a physician by the government.

The Indians were suspicious of him, however, and when one day he administered a dose of castor oil to a sick man of the tribe and came after a while to see his patient he found that he had been spirited away. He was kept hidden in some one of the numerous tents that were pitched upon the ramparts of the fort, nor did he appear again for many days, not until his entire recovery removed the suspicion from the mind of the savages that the government intended to poison them by one in retaliation for their crimes against it.

They were sometimes allowed to go into the city a few at a time, under guard, much to the discomfort of the shopkeepers, whose goods they would handle with great curiosity, leaving them after close inspection somewhat the worse for wear. When any one in the street cried out, "Make way for the native Americans," the shopkeepers ran hastily to cover up from view the daintiest of their wares for fear of the appreciative attentions of the interested visitors.

Some Boston women, wishing to improve the opportunity of enlightening these ages, got permission from the officers to open a kindergarten in the fort. The men as well as the women and children took kindly to the plan as a relief from absolute idleness. The young bucks tried to play the kindergarten plays and sing the songs, but one who knew said that in the privacy of the tent they called the good women a name which translated means "Crazy Squaws."

When the government issued a quantity of red dannel in the fall it put an end to school, for the women received it most eagerly and the embroidery put upon the garments they made of it was wonderful to see.

**THE AGE LIMIT OF WORK.**

**The Folly of Establishing it at the Early Age of Forty-Five.**

Chicago News.

In taking up the question of an "age limit" and opposing the practice which tends to disqualify men over forty-five years of age as too old for useful labor the Chicago Federation of Labor is fighting against a cruel and senseless discrimination.

At forty-five men and women have twenty-five years to live before their allotted span is run. The majority of them have from twenty to twenty-five years of very useful activity before them. Frequently men attain their fullest and best powers at fifty, when the loss of mere physical strength is more than compensated for by experience and ripened judgment. Indeed, it may be set down as a general truth that those men who have lived sober and careful lives in the years immediately following forty-five are among the best.

It is a trite declaration that the present age is the young man's age, but the men who are young to-day will themselves be forty-five to-morrow. Neither they nor their elders can afford to embrace the false hypothesis that the market with property can be regulated by an arbitrary adjustment of age limits. The labor supply is regulated by the number of sound and capable men who can work, be they age twenty-six or sixty. It would be an absurd economic doctrine, under present conditions, which held that the activities of the world were to be carried on by men between certain ages and that all others must consent to be shelved as unfit for further service.

It is worthy of note that employers of labor who rule out men of forty-five or over are telling effectively to make operative the dreams of those who advocate Socialist doctrines of government control of industries. Such industries they would have carried on by young men, while those of mature years were supported free of work on the bounty of the commonwealth. Thus the Socialist and the foolish employer box the compass before they are going in opposite directions.

**The Teacher in the Philippines.**

Harper's Weekly.

Editing reports come from Washington as to the advance of the schoolmaster upon the Philippines. It is estimated, roughly, that there are about 60,000 Filipino pupils enrolled in the schools established by our government, and about half that number in actual attendance. Three or four thousand Filipinos are giving elementary instruction, about half of whom themselves received daily lessons in English in the last eight months 645 American teachers have gone to the stations. Various plans are under consideration for compulsory attendance at the schools, as part of the general scheme of diffusing education, but it is not probable that the Philippines will be able to supply the demand. At present the Philippines are in a desperate straits for teachers. The United States has announced that 300 or 350 more well-trained Americans can be obtained for all the native women teachers are wanted until conditions are more settled. It seems that

you can live very cheaply in the country if you choose, and possess your soul in complete independence, and wear your old clothes with a cheerful spirit. You will be quit of a host of obligations to fashion, to society, which may vex and oppress you in the city. You will miss opportunities, too, but not all opportunities. You will have more face to face with nature. You will be able to say your prayers in peace and develop the spiritual side of you. If you have any, with only the smallest concern about landlords, grocers or railroads. There are no taxes of any consequence in the country; think of that. The greatest luxury you get there is time, and the next greatest are sights and sounds and smells. If you have thought to think, think them. If you have books to read, you can read them in the country, even with kerosene at 12 cents a gallon.

On the other hand, if you have money to spend, what a chance to spend it the country offers you! Gardens, cows, horses, houses, stables, roads, milk at a dollar a gallon if you like, sheep, and dogs, and most of all, children. It is no trouble at all to spend \$5,000 a year on roads alone, if only you take in diamonds and pictures and roads are a permanent investment. They don't burn down, you don't have to keep them insured, they don't have even to keep them clean, for if you build them well, let the weeds grow never so thick on them, the roads will be there still. And once you put your money into them, it stays. You can never get it out, nor can any one else. You cannot even be a miser in the country, for no assessor presumes to take much value in a road. Indeed, a very large sum of money can be hid in a country place where the assessors won't find it—in water pipes, drains and such things.

**The Goodness of Boston.**

New York Times.

Speaking of the Gardeners of Boston at a Philadelphia club the other night recalled to an old beat an incident that happened in the way of the city, when some members of that family were staying with friends in Philadelphia and that probably never has been printed. The theaters did not offer any

surpassing attractions at the time, but as there happened to be some very good minstrels the Eleventh-street Opera House it was decided that the guests should be taken to hear them. The hosts being a little in awe of Boston standards, it was thought best to send word to the manager that, as "the Gardeners, of Boston," were to be among the audience that evening, it was hoped that everything in the performance would be arranged according to the strictest good taste. This request was complied with in a way that the attentive hosts had little intended.

Bones was on the alert, and every time Tambourine set out with, "Now, Sambo! you hear me, Jes' listen to a conundrum. When is Bones would break in with a portentous, "Hush! You keep quiet and behave like a cullud pussen ob taste! De Gardeners ob Boston am here!" So, too, when the triangle man started out with, "Jes' let me tell you, Cesar, what I've bin an' done an' done dat make me so tired dat I'm pretty high ready to fall in my tracks," Frank Moran, the bones, would put in with: "You miserable low-down nigger! Can't you keep quiet an' hear what I'm tellin' yeh? De Gardeners ob